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Kathleen's Heart, and How It Was Filled.

(Dora Winthorp, in 'British Messenger.')

The mission was over in the busy town of R———. People of all classes had crowded to it. Many spoke of it as a 'great success.' God alone knew what the results were for Eternity. One young girl, at least, received a great blessing, that changed the whole current of her life, and which led her at the closing meeting to surrender herself entirely to the Lord.

Early on the following morning, Margaret Anderson ordered her pony-carriage, and drove to 'The Towers.' Running hastily up the broad steps, she crossed the magnificent hall, and opened the door of the room where she expected to find her friend, Kathleen Ward. Her heart was bubbling over with joy, and she just longed to tell it out; but on entering she stood still to look and listen.

There sat Kathleen. Her head was bent over a drawing, and a smile passed over her face now and again. At last she leaned back and fairly laughed aloud—a ringing, girlish laugh, and then exclaimed:

'What will Madge say? She will call me absurd. Never mind, it's done,' and she broke out into snatches of song.

'Why, Kath, what is the matter with you this morning?' and her friend came near, and, greeting her warmly, said: 'I have come thus early to tell you some very good news about the service last night. Why were you not there? I was longing for you all the time to hear the earnest—'

'Oh! wait a minute, Madge, before you tell me, and just look at my painting. I know what you'll say, but I must show it to you. Now, my dear, it's a heart, as you see, and it's a representation of my heart. It is a strange fancy, but it came into my head, and I have amused myself by painting it. I have divided it into large and small parts, and put the things I like best in the large, and those I like least in the small. That large place at the top is given to 'my own will,' which, as you know, I dearly love. Then there are places for relatives, friends, pleasure, dancing, riding, singing, painting. This one little corner is for odds and ends, and one is left vacant in case I may have forgotten anything; and that large centre place is reserved for a certain name, you can guess whose'—and the rosy color mounted to her face. 'Harry is coming this evening. I shall show it to him, and see if he will be conceited enough to put his own name there. How grave you look, Madge! Don't you like it? It's only fun, you know.'

'Kathleen, dear,' replied her friend, and her voice trembled slightly, 'I was looking for one name there, which to me now is sweeter than any other, but I do not see it. Last evening, while some gentleman was urging us to decide for Christ, then and there I did it. I took him as my Saviour. I just opened my heart to him, and he came in and filled it. He showed me how he bore my sins on the cross, and that he purchased me with a great price, even his own precious blood, and now I belong to him; and oh! I am so happy. I never knew what real joy was before;' and her face brightened up as she spoke, and was all aglow with a new and heavenly light, so that her friend looked at her and was speechless, while Margaret continued: 'Kathleen, you need a Saviour too. You will give your heart to Jesus, won't you? Just let him come in and take possession. I was longing to come and tell you all about it.'

Kathleen's lovely face clouded over as she answered: 'Well, I was feeling quite dull after those first meetings, so I thought I would not go to any more; for, do you know,

KATHLEEN'S HEART AND HOW IT WAS FILLED.

Harry noticed something was wrong, and he likes me always to be bright. He would not like me to be religious, I know, and I want to be just what he likes, of course, Madge. I hope you won't be a dull, dismal old thing now; I could not bear it.'

The brilliant smile that answered her words was a total contradiction to such a suggestion.

'Why, Kath,' she answered, 'I tell you I have never known such joy before. I feel I have an object in life now, instead of following my own will as before. It seems sad to think of a heart where there is "no room for Jesus."'

Some months after this conversation the local papers of R——— gave a description of a very brilliant and fashionable wedding. The young and lovely bride was the only daughter of General Ward; the bridegroom was Captain the Hon. Henry Melvyn. The usual details were given of the dresses, the jewels, the breakfast, the costly presents, the ball in the evening, and the going away of the 'happy couple' to spend their honeymoon on the Continent.

Margaret Anderson did not give up her old friend, but their paths lay far apart. She was always busy wherever her master found work for her, while Kathleen's life was a constant round of gaiety and excitement, and so they seldom met except by special appointment.

One day she received a dainty little note, which read as follows:—

'Dearest Madge,

'I am very ill, and feel most dismal. The doctor says it's only a chill. Harry is going to the officers' ball. Do come and cheer me up; there's a dear.

'Your loving Kath.'

Margaret was soon on her way to her friend's house. No ringing laugh met her ear now, but a very serious young face greeted her as she entered the invalid's room.

'Oh, Madge, I'm so glad you've come!' she exclaimed. 'Sit down and talk, and tell me everything. You know I hate being alone; I feel so dull. I am used to being

out every evening, and having plenty of amusement, so I hate being shut up here, and I do not care to ask Harry to stay, for it makes him feel mopish. I cannot think how you exist without all these pleasures.'

'Ah! Kathleen, dear,' replied Margaret, 'it is a puzzle to you, but I have a secret, inward joy that nothing touches. It is like a constant spring. Jesus has satisfied my heart, so that I do not want anything else. Your springs run dry. The Lord himself said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." I wish you would try it.'

'Well, Madge, dear, this will not cheer me much. I must tell you of our lovely balls and parties. You know I have such splendid dresses and diamonds, and Harry always says I look the best in the room. It really is great fun, if one could always be well; but the last once or twice I have longed to get home. I hope it is nothing serious; a chill isn't much, is it? One hears such horrid things of people not getting better, but of course I shall. I do not look very ill, do I, Madge?'

As Margaret looked at the flushed and weary face, she could not say 'No,' so she evaded giving a direct answer by saying: 'Oh, dear! I hope you'll soon be well again; a little rest will do you good. I think all your late hours have tired you out.'

'Madge, you have given up everything nice; can you really be happy? I can hardly believe it.'

As she was talking she turned over the pages of a large album in a listless way, when all of a sudden Madge saw her start and a shiver pass over her whole frame, and, seeking the cause, her eyes rested on the 'heart.'

'Oh, Madge!' said Kathleen, 'I have never thought of that heart again. I do not think I could divide it differently, unless Harry had a larger share, and the other things less. How different yours would be! I wish I had not seen it again. I do not want to think of it now,' and she began to tear it in pieces. Then, hearing some sounds in the garden below, she waited and said: 'Why should I feel so sad to-night? I cannot tell. I hope Harry will come home safely.'

Scarcely had she uttered the words when the steady tramping of feet was heard outside the door, and a servant asked Miss Anderson to come at once.

Kathleen's cheek blanched as she seized her friend's hand and cried: 'Don't leave me! What is the matter?'

'Only a moment, darling,' said Madge. 'Let me hear what Dawson wants, and I'll come back as soon as possible.'

Outside she saw two young officers in full uniform bearing an unconscious form, followed by a doctor.

Margaret took it all in at a glance, and without a word she opened the bedroom door, and they passed in and laid their burden down. Then the doctor came and took Margaret's trembling hand, and told her that Captain Melvyn had met with a very serious accident at the ball. His foot had slipped as he was going downstairs, and he had fallen on his head, and at once was perfectly unconscious. He would, of course, stay with him through the night, and would send for further assistance.

As gently as possible Margaret broke the dreadful news to the young wife; but, having no reserve strength, the blow was too much for her and she was completely prostrated by it. So as the days went by she lay quite quietly, as if forgetful of everything that had happened; and when she at last asked for her husband, it was only to hear that his accident had proved fatal, and she was left a widow. Only by degrees she seemed to realize it, and then her sorrow was indeed piteous to see.

Gradually, as the warm days came she rallied, and the bloom of health was once more seen on her cheek; but she was not the Kathleen of old—subdued, and very humble, she clung to Margaret. She would ask over and over again: 'Do you think Jesus will ever come in now?' And Madge delighted to tell her that he was waiting to come, and at last she had the great joy of knowing that he had his rightful place in her friend's heart.

Has your heart ever opened, dear reader, to let the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, in? Does he reign there? Do you know the cleansing power of the blood which was shed on Calvary's Cross for all who believe?

'Have you any room for Jesus?
He who bore the load of sin—
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?'

'Try It On Me.'

We were in the midst of an interesting series of meetings in New York. Among those attending from no promising motives was Mr. Olin, a lawyer of marked ability and influence in the town.

One evening at the close of the sermon, when an opportunity was given for remarks, Mr. Olin rose, and in a bold and defiant tone, said:

'Mr. Earle, I have heard you speak repeatedly in these meetings of the "power of prayer," and I don't believe a word of it; but if you want to try a hard case, take me.'

I said, 'Mr. Olin, if you will come to the front seat, we will pray for you now.'

He replied, 'I will do nothing of the kind; but if you have "power in prayer," try it on me.'

Before closing the meeting I requested all who were willing, to go to their closets at a given hour, and pray earnestly for Mr. Olin; and I requested him to remember at that hour that we were praying for him.

The second or third evening after this Mr. Olin rose in our meeting, and urged us to pray for him. I asked him if he would come forward and let us pray with him. He said:

'Yes, anywhere, if God will only have mercy on so great a sinner.'

In a few days he was a rejoicing Christian, and soon after sold his law books, and became a preacher of the gospel. He is now a presiding elder in the Methodist church.—'Incidents.'

Criticism of the Bible.

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside, and he hung up a cup near to it by a little chain. He was told some time after that a great art critic had found fault with his design. 'But,' said he, 'do many persons drink at it?' Then they told him that thousands of poor people, men, women, and children, slaked their thirst at this fountain; and he smiled and said he was little troubled by the critic's observation, only he hoped that on some sultry summer's day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

The bible is the fountain with the cup. Just now there seems to be an unusual number of critics. Some of us seem afraid lest its honor be decreased. But let us be sure of this, that from the standpoint of its munificent Designer, the only question is, 'Do many persons drink at it?' and that God the Giver is only satisfied in knowing that increasing multitudes of earth's weary, longing, thirsty souls are slaking their thirst at this fountain, blest fountain, which can satisfy the craving, the needs, the burning desire of every panting soul famishing for the 'water of life.' If men who are troubled with doubts and questionings and sceptical thoughts about the bible would only calmly examine it for themselves! The test of experience is the disarming of criticism. The book itself is its own best witness and defender.

Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West, both men of acknowledged talents in England, had imbibed the spirit of infidelity from a superficial view of the scriptures. Fully persuaded that the bible was an imposture they were determined to expose the fraud. Both sat down to study the book and write against it. The results of their separate attempts were truly remarkable. They were both converted by their attempts to overthrow Christianity. They came together not as they had expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, to congratulate each other on their joint conviction that the bible was the word of God, and to rejoice together over a Saviour found. Both were led through this door of truth into the light of the truth as it is in Jesus.—Rev. Gerard B. F. Hallock.

Feeling After God.

The Rev. F. Boden, and another missionary, visiting a Chinese village, found an old man eagerly seeking God. For forty years he had abstained from animal food, and studied the Chinese classics continually, kneeling. In vain. Then he heard of Jesus, and began to pray to the true God. 'How do you pray? I know only the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. These I repeat forty times daily.' The two missionaries had the joy of pointing this soul to the Saviour. This Chinaman, like the Ethiopian, prized the scanty light he possessed, and God sent him more. —'My Note Book.'

Go Gently.

Of all the work being wrought in the world, none needs so much wisdom as the winning of souls. We need wisdom as to the time of approaching them. It is a mistake to pull at fruit before it is ripe; when it is ripe it will drop into your hand. The Psalmist urged God to arise and have mercy on Zion, because the time to favor her, yea, the set time, had come; there is a set time when the time of a soul seems to have come. Happy is the Christian worker who is then near at hand, and able to step in with the last appeal of Christ. Incredible harm may be done by being too precipitate, as much as by being too tardy. I witnessed a casting the other day. For months the mold had been dug out; with the utmost care the metal had been mixed and melted; then there was a pause, in which the great cauldrons were swung round into their positions to feed the vent-holes, and only when all was ready was the signal given for the discharge. A moment earlier would have wrecked the work of months. Take care; do not force matters, keep on praying, and wait on God. There will be presently the tearful eye, the softened manner, the disappointment which will make the lad's soul unusually accessible, then the hour of salvation will be come. —Rev. F. B. Meyer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Thinketh No Evil.'

'Oh mother, what do you think! Would you believe it? Maggie Vernon has been cheating! Isn't it dreadful!'

Elsie Vawdrey burst into her mother's sitting-room one afternoon, her face flushed, her eyes shining, her voice raised in her excitement.

Mrs. Vawdrey looked up at the sound quietly,—

'That is a very serious charge to bring against any one, Elsie. Are you sure it is true?'

'Quite sure. At least, Ada Kingstone said so; and she was there.'

'Oh! So you heard if from some one else?' Mrs. Vawdrey asked.

'Yes: I wasn't at the reading just then, but Ada told me everything that happened. Just fancy it, mother! That little model of a Maggie Vernon—every one knows about it now!'

There was a slight but an unmistakable note of triumph in Elsie's voice. Mrs. Vawdrey looked grieved as she heard it, and laid her work aside.

'Will you tell me what Ada said, Elsie?'

Elsie looked quickly into her mother's face.

'Are you so sorry, mother? Don't you believe it?'

'From what I know of Maggie Vernon, I think it most unlikely that she would cheat, as you call it, or do anything else that would be mean and underhand.'

'I didn't know you liked her so much, mother,' Elsie said, rather sullenly.

'I do like her, Elsie; and I am sorry for her too, for I think she has been unfairly treated. No; not about this, perhaps, for I don't know the particulars yet. Now tell me what Ada said.'

'You know all the girls who are just twelve were told to write a composition on a special subject: we had to read them aloud to the master ourselves, and there is to be a prize given for the best—'

'I saw you writing yours,' Mrs. Vawdrey said, with a vivid recollection of Elsie very flushed and worried-looking, surrounded by papers, and with extremely inky fingers.

'I was called up to read mine third, and then I had to go for my music lesson. Maggie Vernon came next to me, and began to read hers. It was a very good composition, Ada said' (here Mrs. Vawdrey detected the grudging admission of praise in Elsie's tone); 'but, quite suddenly, Mr. Ryder stopped her, and asked if it were all her own, and if she were quite sure that no one had helped her, or if she hadn't read something like it in a book. Ada said she didn't answer for a moment, but her face got redder and redder, and her eyes quite flashed with anger, and at last she murmured something that hardly any one heard; then Mr. Ryder let her finish.'

'And on the strength of that, Ada and you believe that Maggie had been cheating?'

'Yes, we do, mother; at least nearly all of us. Don't you?'

'No: Maggie is very clever at writing compositions. Her father told me so, and I have seen some of them myself.'

'But why should she have looked so red and uncomfortable when Mr. Ryder asked her about it?'

'Maggie is sensitive, and the idea may have occurred to her that some of you would think she had been helped. My own opinion is, that Mr. Ryder only asked her the questions because the composition was very good, and he wanted to be quite sure she had done it all herself. Did he ask no one else?'

'Oh, yes; two or three of the others,' Elsie admitted.

'Well, then, why don't you suspect them as well as Maggie?'

'They didn't seem to care a bit, and she looked very unhappy about it; and, mother, she doesn't deserve the prize unless she did it all herself. Ada says she is sure mine is the next best.'

'Elsie dear, I am afraid you have not had very kindly feelings towards Maggie since she won the drawing prize you were so anxious to have; and I do think this has influenced you, and that in this case you have been too ready to talk about her and listen to unkind suggestions. Your friend Ada does not like her either; and you know, Elsie, Maggie works much harder than you do.'

'Not over this,' Elsie said, somewhat hastily.

'Perhaps not in this particular case, but as a general rule,' said her mother. 'Have Ada and you talked about it to the other girls?'

'All of them are talking of it,' was the evasive reply.

'But Ada and you must have begun it,' Mrs. Vawdrey said gravely.

Elsie did not answer. Her conscience was beginning to smite her somewhat. She knew that she had been absolutely glad when she heard Ada's story, and had discussed it eagerly with the other girls. She had been so anxious for the prize herself, and she was afraid of none of her rivals save Maggie Vernon. In the excitement of the contest she had lent herself to what in her inmost heart she believed to be an injustice.

'I am sorry you have acted in such an unkind and ungenerous way, Elsie,' her mother said coldly; and Elsie, who very seldom heard her mother's voice sound like that, and never without due cause, went away miserable.

Even had she wished it, Elsie found it impossible to prevent the mischief Ada and she had set on foot: the girls were beginning to treat Maggie coldly, refusing to speak to her unless they were obliged, and shrugging their shoulders when she came into sight. Maggie said nothing, but went about as usual, looking pale and quiet. And so things went on until, a week later, Elsie was summoned to the drawing-room, and found Mr. Vernon there talking to her mother.

'Elsie,' Mrs. Vawdrey said quietly, 'Maggie is not well, and the doctor says she is fretting about something; her father and he think it is some school trouble. Do you know of anything? I think you can help us.'

Elsie flushed crimson, and looked imploringly at her mother; but Mrs. Vawdrey said nothing. Mr. Vernon was watching her with

kindly eyes, and Elsie felt she could not bear to meet them just then.

At last, driven to it by those questioning looks, Elsie blurted out the truth. It was the most painful thing she had ever had to do, and she never forgot that dreadful half-hour. Mr. Vernon was very indignant at first, but after a while he held out his hand to Elsie and smiled.

'Thank you for telling me the truth. I know how difficult it must have been for you. I suppose I need hardly tell you that I know positively that the essay was Maggie's own. She worked very hard at it, poor child,' he added, turning to Mrs. Vawdrey.

'I am sure she did, and I am very glad to think that she will most likely get the prize,' Elsie's mother said gently. 'Did she tell you what was troubling her, Mr. Vernon?'

'No; that was why I came to you. I

could get nothing out of her. Of course, I only guessed it was some trouble at school.'

Elsie blushed deeply. Surely Maggie had been more generous than either Ada or she deserved!

After Mr. Vernon had gone, Elsie sobbed out her repentance in her mother's lap. With all love and tenderness, Mrs. Vawdrey pointed out to her where her fault had been.

'You want more love and more charity, my child. Remember, never judge any one until you are sure they have done wrong; and even then with all gentleness, for you never know what their temptations or circumstances may have been. But, above all, never suspect any one of evil—not in that fault-finding spirit of malice that you and Ada have shown to poor Maggie.'

'I will do all I can to make up for it, mother.'

'Yes, I am sure you will, dear; but it would have been so much better if you had not been unkind at all, wouldn't it? It would have saved Maggie a great deal of unhappiness; and you must try to undo what you have done by telling your school-fellows how wrong you were in blaming and accusing her.'

'Must I?' and Elsie looked startled.

'Yes; and never forget, love, to pray for the charity that "thinketh no evil."'

Maggie Vernon and Elsie are fast friends now. Maggie has long ago forgiven and forgotten the wrong Ada and Elsie once did her; but Elsie has not forgotten, and she tries every day to remember to ask God for the 'greater of these,' His gift of charity.—'Children's Treasury.'

A Willing Sacrifice.

(Founded on fact.)

(By Isabel Maude Hamill, in 'Alliance News,' Author of 'A Lancashire Heroine,' 'Our Jennie,' etc.)

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

In the quiet of a little vestry, on a lovely Sunday afternoon in June, Emily Masters was talking to her class of girls on the duty of self-denial for the sake of Christ. They were girls in her own position in life, whom by degrees she had interested in good things, and the meeting on Sunday afternoons to talk over different subjects relating to Christian life was found mutually helpful. Amongst those who listened eagerly was a refined, delicate-looking girl, of nineteen or twenty. She was the daughter of worldly, pleasure-loving parents, who thought 'Ellen's new fad about religion ridiculous': but, in spite of discouragements, the girl held on her way.

'There are many ways in which we can deny ourselves for the Saviour's sake,' said Miss Masters, 'and I think one way is by giving up alcohol; drink is such a curse, and such a terrible temptation to thousands, that I am sure it must be a hindrance to many to see Christians taking wine and beer, etc.'

'But the bible does not tell us that we are not to take it,' said Ellen.

'No; there are many things which the bible does not particularly specify that we are not to do or give up, but it lays down general principles, and the law of self-sacrifice runs through all the gospels and epistles.'

'But suppose you had always taken it, and that your health required it?'

'I believe that something else can be given that will answer the purpose quite as well, or even better, than alcohol, and without the awful risk of perhaps causing some to fall by following your example; but each one must be guided by her own conscience in the matter.'

A good deal of discussion ensued, and at the close she asked any who felt it her duty to become an abstainer to sign the pledge. Seven out of the eighteen girls did so, but Ellen Booth was not of the number.

A few months afterwards Emily Masters married a clergyman, an earnest, self-sacrificing man, who had a poor parish in a large city; her sphere of work thus became enlarged, and she found herself in an atmosphere of squalor and poverty hitherto unknown. In the midst of her new and busy life her thoughts often went back to the Sunday afternoons, the quiet talks, and the girls with their eager faces; but, there was no face that came before her oftener than Ellen Booth's, and no girl of whom she thought so much.

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'There, now, I think I have done everything, and I shall feel quite free to go and hear Canon Farrar, and not as though I had neglected a duty in doing so. Oh, it will be delightful to sit and listen.'

The speaker, a bright-looking, healthy girl, in the dress of a deaconess, looked round with pardonable pride on the neat little room which she called her study. Piles of paper correctly dated and arranged, were on one corner of the desk, and reference books at the other, and red and white roses in a bowl on a side-table, whilst the whole look of the room betokened refinement. Five years ago, Margaret Stevens had lost both father and mother in one week of diphtheria, and she and her only brother were left alone in the world; forunately they were left with comfortable means, and for two years Margaret lived with him and kept his house. After a time he married a girl to whom he had been engaged before his parents' death, and they both wished Margaret to share their home; but she laughingly told them, that 'Young married people ought to be alone,' at the same time saying that, as she was free, she should do what she had long desired to do, but had never found the way plain till now, and go and live among the poor, sharing their sorrows and trials, and trying to lighten their burdens.

She took a little house about ten minutes' walk from a very poor neighborhood, and here she had lived for upwards of three years, looked upon by men, women and children, as a real friend. Her winsome presence and whole-hearted consecration had been the means of helping many a despairing one to start anew on life's pathway, and many sorrowing ones thanked God that they had ever seen her. Like most true reformers she was an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and she had looked forward with undisguised pleasure to hearing Canon Farrar, who was to address a large temperance meeting that evening. She had even gone and made one sick body gruel, so that she might not want during her absence; for another she had made her bed and arranged all comfortably for the night, and for three sick children she had left medicine ready in cracked cups.

When she was seated in the large hall she felt at rest, thinking, 'Now, at any rate, I shall be free for an hour or two, to listen and learn'; and when the vast audience rose to greet one of the noblest apostles of temperance her enthusiasm equalled that of anyone present.

About a quarter of a hour after the speaker had begun the address a lady came and touched Margaret, who was sitting on the platform, on the arm, and said, in an agitated voice:

'Will you come with me? It is urgent.'

So, after all, she was not to hear Canon Farrar. For a moment or two a feeling of rebellion rose in her heart, but she stifled it at once, and thinking that 'The King's business requireth haste,' rose and left the hall.

'I ought to apologise,' said the lady, who was a stranger to Margaret, when they were outside the building, 'for so unceremoniously bringing you from this delightful meeting, but I am sure, when you know the circumstances, you will forgive me.'

'I am sure I shall,' she replied, sweetly. 'What are they, though?'

'Just these, in brief. My husband is rector of St. James the Poor, as the people call it, to distinguish it from the other St. James, which is a rich parish, and in a low lodging-house a few weeks ago, he came across a person who, he was sure, from her speech and manner had been in better circumstances. She was, however, very reticent, and discouraged any advances on his part, merely answering in monosyllables any questions he asked. Of course he could not make much headway, but, by degrees, when she found that he asked nothing about her past life, she became more communicative about her present mode of living. Needless to say she drinks, or she would not be in such surroundings; and, one day, meeting my husband when very much the worse for it, she said a great deal, as people often do in that condition, which no doubt she regretted afterwards. Amongst other things she mentioned that she know me years ago, that she was my equal, and that we came from the same town; and then in a maudlin sort of way she said something about wishing she had taken my advice one Sunday afternoon and given up drink. Of course when I heard this, my thoughts reverted to the past, and it came to me as a flash of lightning, that it might be Ellen Booth, a girl who, years ago, I had in my Sunday-school class, the daughter of wealthy parents, and brought up in the midst of luxury and refinement. It seemed too dreadful, and I put the idea out of my mind as an impossibility. Alas! my thought was true. I need not enter into the particulars of how I verified it, but suffice to say that when she found out that I knew who she was, she left her lodgings and disappeared from us entirely. I have spent days in trying to find her with no result, until to-night, and at the present time she is drinking in a low public-house more than a mile from here, and, oh, I long to save her; and you will help me, I know.'

During this recital, the two women had been walking rapidly, regardless of the rain, which was falling in a steady, wetting drizzle, that damped their feet and skirts before they realized it, so absorbed were they in their desire to rescue the poor woman.

'Indeed, I will do all I can,' replied Margaret.

'I knew so, from what I had heard of you. You see, if this woman sees me, she will not listen to one word I may say; she would rather run from me, so I want you to try and persuade her to go somewhere with you. I will gladly pay all expenses, and if we can induce her to go into a home, or even lodgings in the country for a while, where she could not obtain drink, she would be more reasonable in a fortnight, and then we would see how best to help her.'

On they walked, the wind and rain beating in their faces, the neighborhood getting lower and lower the further they went; dirty, half-naked children, swearing, drunken men, and women whose faces were a type of all that is worst in woman, these were the sights they passed as they hurried along. At length they arrived at a public-house situated in a sort of back street or alley; here women of the lowest class were congregated, drinking, swearing, and exchanging jokes one with another, of the vilest description.

'There she is,' exclaimed Mrs. Heaton. 'Now, I will keep out of sight, if you can

get hold of her. I don't know how to thank you for coming, it is such a disagreeable piece of work,'

'But it is for the Master,' Margaret answered with a smile, 'and we must depend upon him.'

Watching her opportunity, she went in, and gently touching the woman that Mrs. Heaton had pointed out, said quietly:

'I think you and I ought to know one another; will you come with me for a few minutes' talk?'

Too much surprised to refuse, and having taken drink enough to have arrived at the amiable stage, she consented, saying with an importance which was absurd had it not been so sad:

'Certainly I will accompany any lady who claims acquaintanceship with me.'

Once outside the dramshop Margaret hoped her task would be comparatively easy, but she found that the difficulty had only just begun. For nearly two hours she stood in the rain, pleading and praying every few minutes, leading her imperceptibly a little further away from the place, till at length they found themselves in the main thoroughfare.

At last a chord in her heart vibrated at her touch, for Margaret found out that the poor lost woman knew and loved her father.

'Then for his sake you will come with me, will you not?'

'Well, he was a really good man, and—yes, I'll come just for this one night.'

Too thankful to have gained her object thus far, Margaret asked for no more, and hailing a passing cab she persuaded her to get in, and giving the address of her own house told the cabman to drive there. The neat little maid (a girl whom Margaret had taken from the district, and done wonders by with the magic of love) had a bright fire, and nice hot cocoa ready; she was used to all sorts of visitors coming in to share her mistress's evening meal, therefore expressed no surprise at the unexpected guest. A pretty little bedroom was always kept ready for 'the Master's use,' and in the guise of the 'stranger taken in,' the Saviour himself had been a frequent guest, and Margaret was never happier than when some poor lost one needing comfort and help was occupying the chamber. After seeing the poor creature comfortably settled for the night, she turned to her own garments, and was surprised to find how thoroughly wet she was; her feet, too, had not escaped, and it was with difficulty she could get off her boots they were so saturated with the damp.

'I think the wisest thing I can do is just to have a hot bath and go straight to bed, Sara.'

'Yes, miss, but you must have something to eat first, you look quite done up.'

'Do, I? I feel very tired.'

'I really do wish as you'd think a bit more about yourself, and not be going after folks all hours o' the night; you're too good, Miss Stevens,' and Sara, who loved her mistress as much, nay, more, than any other human being, pretended to be angry.

'Now, Sara, you know I never do more than my strength allows, only to-night I must own to feeling extra tired.'

'Yes, and you never heard the Canon after all; I call it too bad.'

'Well, I felt dreadfully disappointed at first, but I think the reward will be greater than if I had. I hope so.'

Ellen Booth was evidently touched the next morning when she came downstairs, by the kindly welcome given, and the dainty breakfast tray awaiting her.

'Why do you treat me like this, a wretched drunkard? I don't deserve it,' she said.

'But you are not going to be a drunkard any longer, and this is to be the beginning of better and happier days, dear. Now, drink your tea and eat some bacon, and when you have finished we will have a chat about the future,' Margaret said cheerfully.

'Oh! I can never reform. I've been drinking too long—over ten years—I couldn't give it up. I'm just longing for it now. You don't understand the knawing and craving for it, it's just awful; seems to take all the will out of you, no matter how hard you try, and I have tried now and again.'

'Ah! but you have tried in your own strength, Suppose you give up that plan and try another, will you?" and as she spoke she looked into the poor, weary, sin-stained face with a look of unutterable longing and love.

'I've told you it's no use my trying to do different, I never can, never.'

'Oh, we'll see about that; people much worse than you, and much older, have started afresh, and lived to do useful and good work, and you will be one of them.'

'You don't know me, or you would not prophesy good of me.'

'Never mind, I know enough of you to believe good of you.'

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and Mrs. Heaton entered. She went up to where her old friend was seated, put her arms about her neck, and kissed her, saying tenderly:

'My poor darling, thank God you are here, and now we are going to help you to forget the past, and to look forward with hope to the future.'

At these words, and the loving sympathy shown the woman burst into tears.

'That's right, Ellen, it will do you good to cry, Miss Stevens and I will go into the next room whilst you finish your breakfast, then you will join us.'

It is not necessary to say how long they talked, or what was said, but after much persuasion Ellen agreed to go into a 'Home for Inebriates.'

'I may as well tell you the truth,' she said, 'My name is not Booth, but Barlow.' Then she told a pathetic story of her married life, how, from holding a good position in a large firm, her husband had lost all through drink; how her two children had died, both in one week, of fever, after which things had gone from bad to worse, and to drown her sorrow and forget her griefs she, too, had taken to drink. Then it was the old story, husband and wife falling lower and lower, until at length he took a chill, consumption rapidly developed, and he had died in a common lodging-house, since when she had cared less and less about herself, and was becoming a total wreck.

'But I like to remind myself that I was once a lady,' she added pathetically, 'so I keep these,' and unfastening a little bag which she had tied round her neck, she took out a photograph of herself and husband, taken during the first year of their married life, a silver fork, a fine linen collar, and a beautifully bound edition of 'Thomas a Kempis,' 'I have been sorely tempted many a time to part with these,' she continued, 'but I couldn't, somehow as long as I had then, I couldn't — well, you understand, sell myself.'

Tears were in her listeners' eyes as she finished her story, and Margaret said softly:

'God has evidently some work for you, dear Mrs. Barlow: He intends you to help other wanderers, who have strayed from the fold, back again into its safe shelter.'

'Work for me? A miserable outcast like me!'

'Yes, for you; and you are no longer a miserable outcast, but a woman longing to lead a useful and better life.'

'Yes, and those two or three treasures which you have guarded so jealously, he meant them to be as a link with your past, to prevent your sinking deeper, Ellen dear,' said Mrs. Heaton.

Before they separated, the three women knelt in prayer, and when they rose from their knees there was a look of hope on Ellen Barlow's face which was not there before.

* * * * * * *

Three years have come and gone since the night on which Margaret Stevens had brought Ellen Barlow out of the public-house to her own home, and now, in the very room in which Ellen had passed the night Margaret herself lay dying. Consumption, that most dread and insidious of all diseases, had laid its hand upon her, and the doctor said that the seeds were sown that night, by the damp and chill. To all who loved her, and they were very many, her illness was a great grief; but to the poor amongst whom she had lived, and for whom she had labored so lovingly, it seemed one of the worst calamities that could befall them. Until she kept her bed, few, if any, had any idea how ill she was, for she had gone in and out amongst them sweetly and uncomplainingly up to the last, and when it was known that she would never again do this, strong men wept, for men and women alike realized that one of God's saints in an earthly garb had been living in their midst. It was early September, and Margaret lay looking at the shadows left by the sun's rays, and thinking of the home which she knew was now not very far off. Her thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, and a lady entered, bringing with her some grapes, large and rich-looking.

'See, dear, what I have brought you, the best I could buy; I am sure you will fancy these,' she said, holding up the basket for the invalid's inspection.

'You are too kind, dear Mrs. Barlow; every day you bring me something ; but these really look lovely. Now you must not get any more for a long time.'

'Not get any more! Oh, Miss Stevens, if only I could ever repay you, it seems so hard that you are going from me when I wanted to show you by my life how grateful I am, and how I love you; and to think that in saving me you caught that fatal cold. Oh, I can't bear it. If only I could die instead of you, it would seem so much fairer; you are wanted, and I am not,' and tears fell fast from the speaker's eyes as she looked at the fair face, beautified by a spiritual beauty, and thought how soon she would see it no more.

'Hush! dear, listen to me. You have made me very happy during these last two years. I count you as a glorious trophy for the Master. You have stood nobly, by his help, against all temptation (and I know how fierce it has been at times), and it has been a joy beyond all words to me; and if you go on in his strength, you will be more than conquerer, and—' Here a distressing cough prevented the sentence being finished, after which she lay back, white and exhausted.

Presently Mrs. Barlow said in a low tone:

'If nothing else would keep me from drink, the thought that your life has been sacrificed to redeem me would; and through your sacrifice I learned the meaning of the Saviour's love.'

Scarcely a day passed without either Mrs. Heaton or Mrs. Barlow calling, and the sick room was always cheerful; but all knew that the end was not far off. It came unexpectedly at last, one perfect September day; Margaret passed away, holding Mrs. Barlow's hand, her last words being, 'You will trust him, and all will be well.' Then she closed her eyes and went home to the

Saviour, whom she had served so faithfully down here.

The unrestrained grief and sorrow of those among whom she had lived and labored were touching to witness, and the tokens of love laid upon her coffin were perhaps more so. In one case it was a bunch of wild hyacinths, which a woman, unable to buy flowers, had walked far to gather the night before; in another a whole family had gone without tea for three days in order to buy a wreath; and the children, whom she had loved so well, brought bunches of autumn leaves, and such flowers as they could get, and went away sobbing as though their little hearts would break. It was the same everywhere, universal grief. But the one who felt Margaret's death most was undoubtedly Ellen Barlow, feeling as she did, that in a measure she had been the cause of it. The night before the body was removed she spent an hour alone in the room in which it lay, and there she consecrated her life wholly to the service of God, saying that the rescue of those in the bondage of strong drink should be her special work. After the simple funeral was over Margaret's will was read, and in it there was a wish expressed that Mrs. Barlow would take up her work; this Mrs. Heaton very much wished she would, and after prayer and thought she decided to do so. Years have passed away, but Margaret Stevens's influence still lives, and will continue to live as long as the world lasts. Every week Ellen Barlow goes to visit a grave on the stone of which are engraved these words:

'In loving memory of Margaret Stevens, who gave her life for the good of others. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."'

Then at the bottom:

'This stone is erected by those whom she called her friends—the poor — a token of their undying love.'

The Ninety and Nine.

'Where's the other lamb, Rab?'

Rab hung his head and looked just as guilty as a dog could look.

'You may well be ashamed of yourself. I thought you were to be trusted, but you are no wiser than Snap, who is a year younger than you.'

Snap, lying under his master's legs, gave a short, sharp bark, which sounded like 'hear, hear,' and made poor Rab look more than ever ashamed of himself.

'Never mind, old doggie,' said the shepherd kindly, for next to his flock he loved his dogs, 'we'll go and look for it at once.'

And then, leaving the sheep comfortably housed for the night, Sandy stepped into the kitchen and told his wife not to wait supper for him. They were poor, simple people, this Scotch shepherd and his wife, but they were rich in love towards God and each other; and the pleasantest part of the day to them was when the sheep were all safely folded and they two sat down to their homely supper of porridge and milk, to be followed by reading a chapter of God's Word together.

So old Margaret looked round in wonder from the porridge which she was 'mealing in' so carefully.

'You'll not be going out again now, Sandy?'

'Nay, but I must, good wife. This rascal of a Rab left one of the new lambs on the mountain. It will be as much as we can do to find it before dark. No, no, Margaret, it's no use talking; every minute is precious. Don't sit up for me.'

The old woman left the porridge, and, cutting a thick crust of bread, pushed it into Sandy's big pocket, threw a biscuit to Rab, then fetched a lantern and matches and thrust them into Sandy's hand.

'You won't want them, I hope, dear; but it isn't much to carry.'

Sandy laughed.

'Trust a woman to look on the dark side of things.'

'Why, didn't I just give you a light?' was the playful answer; and Sandy went out, thinking that his good wife had indeed given him light in many dark days.

When their only son was drowned at sea, wasn't it her voice that had stopped his bitter words of complaint with 'God gave us his Son; can we grudge to give him ours for a little time? We shall see him again soon, and he is only taken away from the evil to come.' When half his flock had died of the rot, wasn't it Margaret who had whispered, 'Never fear; the Lord will provide?' Yes, many and many a time had Margaret been the true helpmate that every Christian wife should strive to be.

There's nothing like pleasant thoughts or words to make the way seem short, and Sandy had reached the foot of the mountain before he had left off counting his blessings.

'Now, Rab, where is it?' he said, patting his dog on the head, as if to make up for his last scolding.

Rab wagged his tail and gave a noisy bark, then dashed off in search of the wanderer.

Darkness came on, and still master and dog were patiently hunting. The lamb was young and not a very promising one, and the thought just entered Sandy's mind whether it would not be as well to give up the search and return to the cosey home and warm supper which awaited him. But it was dismissed at once, and the old man sat down in a sheltered nook to rest, and shared his crust of bread with Rab.

By this time night had fairly come—worse still, an ominous growl in the distance seemed to give warning of an approaching storm. It came, indeed, presently. The forked lightning looked more awfully beautiful than ever as it lingered some seconds, lighting up the heavens so that Sandy could see the very hairs bristling on the dog's back as he cowered at his feet in abject fear. Then came a deafening peal of thunder, then utter darkness, till the fearful light appeared once more which made the lantern look like a glow-worm.

Poor Sandy's heart was sore as he thought of his wife's distress and wondered where was the little wanderer. Presently, in the lull which came after a terrific peal of thunder, he thought he heard a faint bleat.

'What's that, Rab?' he said in a whisper. God seemed so near just then that he could not help being awed.

Rab had evidently heard it too, for Sandy felt him move.

'No, lie still for a minute; the poor little thing doesn't know you as well as her mother does, and may bolt off again. Let us wait till she is nearer.'

Another flash, more vivid than ever; another peal, which made even Sandy cover his ears and murmur, 'The voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven.' Then a faint bleat sounded quite near, and stretching out his hand Sandy felt a soft, warm face. His heart gave a leap of joy as he caught the poor frightened lamb in his arms and let it nestle close into his bosom.

'We've found it, Rab,' he cried; 'poor little wanderer, we've found it.' It was useless to try to make his way down the mountain-side now, so all Sandy could do was to wait patiently till day should dawn. Although he was soaked to the skin and felt terribly hungry, he did not grumble, for had he not found the object of his search? The lamb and the dog slept through that long night, but the shepherd communed with his own heart and was still and felt nearer to God than he had ever felt before.

'Let us kneel down first, wife, and thank God for all his mercies,' he said, when Margaret would have hurried him to breakfast the next morning. 'I can imagine a little now what the Good Shepherd must feel when he is seeking for a wandering soul, and how he must rejoice when he finds it. I'm afraid he's had to look for me very often, but I'll keep near to him now, please God, and help to bring the wanderers in too.'

Reader, do you admire the old Scotch shepherd who risked his life for the feeble little lamb? I'm sure you do, and if so, what do you think of the Saviour, who not only risked but gave up his life for you? Is it a mere tale to you, very good for children and sick people, but with no meaning for you? Then you are the wandering sheep which he is seeking for even now. Won't you let him find you? You have grieved him by your want of love, your unbelief, your wilfulness; oh, will you not return now to his loving care before it is too late, and give him joy instead of grief?—'Cottager and Artisan.'

A Truant For the Last Time.

There was a low whistle just around the corner, and Rob chocked his doughnut down, caught up his cap and started for the door. As he fumbled with the latch, a voice seemed to speak to him from under his vest pocket.

'I wouldn't steal off like this,' it said. 'Go back, and ask mother if you can go; and, if she says 'No,' brace up and go to school like a man.'

'No; I just can't!' Rob argued half aloud. 'I do want to see that vessel launched. She's the biggest ship that was ever built at the port, and I've watched 'em at work on her every day. I tell you, she's a boomer; and won't she go in with a dip, though! Mother don't know how boys feel. She'd say, "Oh! you'd better go to school, Robby." she wouldn't believe that I just must see that launching. There comes Jim Saunders and Tom Lee. Half the fellers'll cut school to-day. See here, boys,' as they joined him at the gate, 'let's go down by the back road, so we can get there early, and have a good seat on the wharf, where we can see the whole thing.'

Rob had other reasons for choosing the back road.

'Guess we're early enough this time,' said Tom Lee, when nearly an hour had slipped away, with the three boys as yet the sole occupants of the pier.

'There they come!' cried Jim. 'Look at the teams, will you? I reckon half the town 'll turn out. I say, Bob, if there aint your pa and ma in the covered buggy!'

Rob shoved uneasily along behind a huge post.

'Sun's in my eyes,' he explained, and then fixed his attention upon the carpenters, who had received the signal from the master workman, and were sawing away the braces which held the vessel in place.

A snap was heard, and the crowd of spectators sprang back as the ship began to move, and, gathering headway, rushed faster and faster on to the water.

Dipping deep at the stern, she threw up a cloud of spray then rose, amid the cheering of the crowd, the whistling of tugboats, and the ringing of bells. This would have been a moment of keen delight to Rob, had not that uncomfortable throb, throb, under his

vest pocket taken the edge all off his pleasure.

He was sauntering along the wharf, with his eyes on the ground, when an exclamation from Tom Lee made him start and look up.

'Wonder who all those fellows are, going up the hill? If that aint the whole grammar school, with the professor on ahead! He must have let 'em all off to see the fun! Ain't that a joke? We boys might have come free, instead of playing hookey, and running the risk of payin' for it.'

'Well, we got here just the same,' said Rob, skipping a stone in the water, and trying to drown the voice under his vest pocket, which was just then whispering reproachfully, 'Don't you wish you were up there with the school, like the respectable boy you are, instead of slinking along behind with these two fellows you're half ashamed to be seen with?'

'Well, where'll we go now?' said Jim Saunders. 'Rob, you look sick. What's the matter with you? Your pa didn't see where you were.'

'No, he didn't,' said Rob, bracing up; 'but he saw where I wasn't, Jim Saunders. Don't you suppose he looked for me among those grammer school boys, where I ought to have been? I'm going back to school now, and the next time I prowl off in this way, instead of attending to my business, it'll be—'

'At the next launching, eh?'

'No, sir! It will be when a sneak-thief is thought more of than a gentleman.'—'Scholar's Magazine.'

The Children's Place.

In the earliest history of God's people the child has a place in their covenant relation to God. The promise to Abraham is, 'I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee . . . . . to be a God unto thee and thy seed after thee.' In the prophetical promise of Isaiah the children are remembered, 'I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.' In the Mosaic law, and later, the most careful provision was made for the moral training of the young, 'And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.' 'And when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies and the statutes which the Lord thy God hath commanded you, then shalt thou say unto thy son,' etc.

We find St. Peter saying, 'The promise is unto you and unto your children.' Timothy is an example of early and careful instruction, of whom St. Paul says, 'From a child hast thou known the holy scriptures.' How many are the stories in the bible of boys and girls, Miriam, Samuel, Joseph, Timothy, Jesus! How large is the amount of attention given to childhood! How different is the bible from heathen religions in the place it gives to the child! Finally, we mark the special love bestowed on the children by Jesus. When the disciples would have kept back the mothers and their children, Jesus said, 'Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me.' He delighted in their song of praise. 'Hearest thou what these say?' said the Scribes and chief priests; and Jesus said, 'Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!' In this passage from which our text is taken, as we have seen, he sets the child in the midst as the pattern of the spirit of them that would enter the kingdom of heaven. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' If the children have such an important place in the bible, ought they not to have a central place in the Church?—Rev. George Henderson, B.D.

With All His Strength.

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother 'with all his strength,' and he was asked to explain what he meant by 'with all his strength.'

After some little time spent in reflection, he said:

'Well, I'll tell you; you see we live away up here on the fourth floor of this tenement and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept away down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four long flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes just all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?'

Dear, helpful little boy! One must search long to find a clearer, sweeter definition of the way in which a boy could love his mother 'with all his strength.'—'Sunbeam.'

Correspondence

Raynardton, Yarmouth County.

Dear Editor,—On the Queen's Birthday I went to Yarmouth, there I had the pleasure of hearing Pundita Ramabai.

The presidents of the W. F. M. B. met and made arrangements for her meeting. The church was crowded and many had to stand. Ramabai introduced her plea for the widows of India by saying that her father was a 'heathen of heathens.' He worshipped all the idols that he knew of. Her father was a Hindoo of the highest caste, which is a Brahmin. He, unlike others of his sect, was of the opinion that women ought to be educated. He opened a school for the instruction of women. Everyone was opposed to it; and he had only one scholar, who was his wife. After fifteen years of waiting he had another pupil, who was his daughter. A few years after he had another pupil, who was Ramabai.

Her father did not bid her to worship any particular god, but left it to her choice. In the famine of 1877, her father, mother, sister and brother, died of starvation. Ramabai was left alone. She married a Bengali gentleman, and a baby girl came to bless the union. After a brief illness her husband died, and again Ramabai had to face the world with herself and her little child to support. Through the kindness of friends, she was enabled to go to England, where, for a year or two, she supported herself by teaching Sanscrit at Cheltenham College. She was set on giving relief to the widows among her people. Some friends in England promised her a fund for a school at Poona, for ten years. While in England she became a Christian. Soon after she went home to establish a school. The only building she was allowed to teach in was a cattle shed; but soon after she got leave to build a good school house. To use her own words, 'I was more successful than my father, I had two pupils at first. One was my own little child, and the other a teacher. Everyone laughed at me, and people in India are very much afraid of public opinion. At the end of a year I had almost fifty pupils who were widows.'

There is a hospital at Bombay, which is not for the women of India, but for the animals. There is a cow, dog, cat, and many other kinds of wards. But one of the most popular among them is the insect ward. Here every kind of insect is cared for, and every night a man is hired, to go in this ward so that the insects may feed on his blood. Ramabai said that she wished some of the American Hindoos, who think that Hindooism is such a beautiful thing, could spend at least one night in that ward.

After she had started her second school, the great question came, where was she to get teachers? Thirty girls, wishing to make her a Christmas gift, asked her what it should be? She replied that she would like to have them to be teachers in her new school. The thirty girls offered themselves and Ramabai said that she never had a better Christmas present. In the last great famine of 1896, she has been gathering in five hundred famine widows. After she had clothed them, and washed and fed them, she tried to humanize them. They were like wild beasts. She once asked a woman how many children she had seen killed; and how they kept it a secret. 'Oh,' said the woman, 'I have seen twenty-eight children killed and it's the easiest thing to do. If a man tells on his neighbor, that neighbor will say, "I have known you to have killed so many children."'

After the lecture was over I went up to the platform and shook hands with her. She told many other interesting things also.

VIOLET H., aged eleven.

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

LITTLE FOLKS

Faith and a Metallique.

(By a Missionary in Turkey.)

Far away in Turkey, in the city of Marash, where occurred one of the terrible massacres of 1895, a little blind boy went to church one Sunday afternoon not long ago.

His mother is a widow and so very poor that, when the Turks rushed forth to plunder and massacre on that memorable eighteenth of November, not one deigned to enter her house. There were no treasures there to seize, and only a poor woman and four little children to kill. So her very poverty saved her. The little blind boy's home is a mud house with a flat roof, consisting of one dark room on the ground, without even a board floor.

The preacher that afternoon made an appeal for the famine sufferers in India, and told his people that any who wished to contribute for their relief might do so at any time through the following week.

The little blind boy ran to his mother after the service and said: 'O mother, please give me a metallique' (a coin one cent in value) 'to give for the starving people in Hindostan. They are poorer than we, and we must help them.'

'My child,' said the poor woman, 'you should know better than to ask me for a metallique. If I could give you anything, it would be only a munagre' (the fifth part of a metallique), 'and I have not even that now.'

The little boy went off sadly, but he soon returned to his mother and said, 'Mother, couldn't God give us a metallique for Hindostan, if we should ask for one?'

'Yes, my son, he could,' said the mother.

So the boy went off and prayed for a metallique, and the next morning he prayed again that God would show them a way to earn one. Then he went to his play.

Soon after, a Turkish neighbor called to the poor widow, and asked her to come and scrub a floor for her. The widow thought, 'Perhaps I shall get the metallique now that my little boy prayed for,' and she scrubbed thoroughly for his sake.

But, alas! the rude Turkish woman sent the poor widow away without either thanks or pay for her service.

When the little blind boy came in, his first question was: 'Mother, has God answered our prayer? Did you have any work this morning?'

'Yes,' said she, 'I had the work, but no money for it.'

The little boy was disappointed, but not hopeless, and he went off and prayed again for the metallique.

Soon after that a missionary lady came down the street. She had been visiting some of her Sunday-school class, and was just considering how to spend the remaining ten minutes of her free time, when, spying the little blind boy playing on the roof of his house, she thought, 'I will go in and see Hamas, the poor widow.'

As she sat down in the dark room and asked after the children, the story of the little boy's prayer was told. The lady's pocket was empty, and she said nothing then to raise the child's hopes. But as soon as she reached home, she took a metallique from her purse, and, calling a servant, said to him: 'When you go home this evening, go around by the little blind boy's house. Give

Some Little Dots.

Some little dots are blithe and gay,
Lovingly cared for every day,
Never a pain or care;
Warmly clothed and daintily fed—
Without a grief, without a dread—
Their lives are bright and fair!

Some little Dots are not so blest,
By no fond hands are they caressed,
No cosy home have they;
With faces pale, and weary feet,
They wander up and down the street—
Their lives are sad and gray.

Oh, little dots with happy home,
Be kind to those who sadly roam,
And beg for daily bread;
Do all you can for those in need,
And God's own blessing will indeed
Be o'er you sweetly spread.

Deny yourselves for others' sake,
And try to cheer the hearts that ache,
Give cheerfully and well;
And every kindly act of love,
Unto the Heavenly King above,
Shall angels gladly tell.

—'Our Little Dots.'

him this, and tell him it is the metallique he asked God to send him for Hindostan.'

Great was the little boy's joy when the metallique was put in his hands.

'Mother,' he said, 'take me immediately to the preacher! I must give him this metallique.'

'My child,' said the widow, 'I cannot go now; it is evening. I will take you to-morrow morning.'

'No, no, mother,' said the child, 'we must go now. The metallique may get lost if we wait. Please take me now!'

And so the mother yielded, and the little boy with radiant face gave the metallique to the preacher.

Is this a long story about nothing but a cent? I may be mistaken, but I believe that that poor little metallique is as precious in God's sight as any gold eagle that has found its way to Hindostan. Surely it was not chance that led the lady that afternoon by that house, which she had not visited for many months. And I think the lady felt that evening that it was a great privilege to be used by God in answering the simple prayer of faith of a poor little blind Armenian boy.—'Golden Rule'

My Daisy Lesson.

I walked at morn in the meadow :
Each daisy stood in its place,
And turned to the eastern sunshine
Its dear little white-frilled face.

I was there again at the noontide :
Each face was looking straight up,
Catching the golden glory
In its golden-hearted cup.

And I walked that way in the evening,
When the sun was sinking low :
Each flower was gazing westward,
And smiled in the sunset glow.

Then I thought, if our hearts, as the daisies,
Would always follow the sun,
What lives of sweetness and beauty
Would be in us begun—

Lives that would surely please Jesus,
Jesus our Sun and our Light;
If we lift up our hearts to His shining,
They will ever be pure and bright.

—'Children's Treasury.'

A Turning Point.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

Two little girls were at play in a garden.

Elsie and May enjoyed it all until the quarrel came.

Just at the bottom of the garden was a pile of sand, drawn there just for these two to play in. They were making a sand garden, smoothing the sand and dividing it into beds and walks. Then they picked flowers and brought them to plant in the beds.

'Oh, you've got sweet peas,' said Elsie. 'I thought they were all gone. I'm going to have some.'

She ran away to the sweet-pea vines which climbed on a trellis on one side of the garden.

May let her go, although she knew very well that she had picked the last of the sweet peas. While she was gone she brought a pail of water and poured it over both gardens.

'There are no more sweet peas,' said Elsie, coming back. 'I wish you would give me some of yours.'

And right there the trouble began. It was the turning point. What except the hateful spirit of all evil could have made Elsie say to her sister, 'I've only got a few and I'm going to keep them myself?'

Just then Elsie caught sight of damage done by the pouring of the water. Already angry, she cried:—

'Look what you've done! washed the flowers all out. How dare you touch my garden!'

'I didn't mean to,' said May. 'I was watering it. You can easily fix it. I should think you'd feel glad when I carried the water all that way for you.'

'Think I'd be glad! Anybody but such a little stupid would have brought the watering pot and sprinkled.'

'You're as hateful as you can be!' cried May. 'I won't play with you any longer.'

'I don't want you to. But you sha'n't play either.'

She turned and trampled the flowers in the sand, where the soft, bright petals lay withering in the sun.

Alas! Alas!

Two other little girls were at play. It was in a garden, too, and the sun shone as brightly and the birds sang as sweetly as for the others.

These two, Bessie and Sue, were not planting in sand, but working in their own little garden, which belonged to both.

Bessie had finished her lessons and came to the garden first. When Sue came she looked brightly up at her.

'See how much I have done,' she said. 'I've planted all the phlox seed. See all the little rows I've made.'

Sue looked and her face clouded.

'Oh!' she cried, 'you've planted them just where I planted the mignonette seed two days ago.'

'Oh, dear, dear! Will they be spoiled?'

'Of course they will. They've just had time to sprout, and they'll all die.'

She turned and walked quickly to the bottom of the garden. When she came back Bessie looked up at her so pleadingly that she stooped down and kissed her.

'I'm so sorry,' said Bessie with a half-sob.

'Don't be sorry any more, dear. It's dreadful, I know, but don't you know mamma says that when something bad has happened it only makes things worse to get angry about it. We won't let it spoil our fun, will we?'

She had turned the right way. What a wise, happy little girl!—'Mayflower.'

One Little Star.

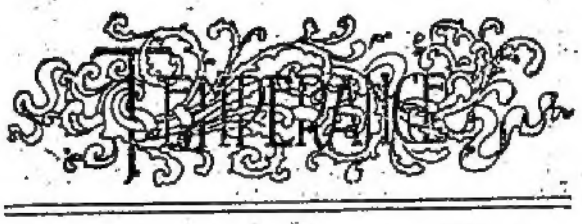
One little star in the starry night,
One little beam in the noon-day light,
One little drop in the river's might,
What can they do? Oh, what can they do?

One little flower in the flowery spring,
One little feather in one little wing,
One little note when the many birds sing,
All are so little, feeble and few.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river-drop impulse and sway,
Feather and flower and songlet help, too.

Each little child can some love-work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
like you.

—Susan Coolidge.



Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XVIII. — WATER FOR GROWING THINGS.

1. Do other things besides ourselves grow by water?

The fine tall trees take water as their only drink.

2. What does the water do for them?

It takes their food from the earth, and carries it up through all their branches and leaves.

3. Name something else that grows by water?

The flowers grow beautiful by water.

4. What vegetables grow by water.

Lettuce, beets, carrots, cabbage. (Voluntary replies.)

5. What grains and seeds grow by water?

Wheat, corn, oats, beans, nuts. (Voluntary replies.)

6. Do we get some of the water when we eat these things?

Yes, there is water in all our foods, even in the bread we eat.

7. What foods have the most water?

The fruits: apples, oranges, grapes. (Voluntary replies.)

8. What can you say of the water in these fruits?

We can get all the water we need in our bodies by eating freely of fruits.

9. How does this help people where the water is poor?

They can eat good, safe fruits, instead of drinking poor, unsafe water.

All.—Eat them and you'll find them good;
Nothing better for your food.
Drink them and you'll poison find,
For the body and the mind.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XVIII. — ALCOHOL IN COLD AND HEAT.

1. What is the first effect of alcohol on the body?

To make it feel warm.

2. Why is this?

The alcohol puts to sleep the nerves that control the action of the little blood-vessels of the skin. They are then unable to resist the flow of blood which the heart is pumping into them, and become crowded with warm blood, so making the surface of the body unusually warm.

3. Is the increased warmth of the skin really made by the alcohol?

No, the alcohol only sends out the heat that ought to be in the inner organs.

4. What then happens?

The heat of the surface passes off into the air and leaves the skin cold; and the inner heat not having been renewed the whole body becomes colder than before.

5. Is alcohol a good thing, then, for people exposed to severe cold?

No, it is the worst possible thing. It seems to produce heat at first, but really does not; and afterwards robs the body of its natural heat.

6. What, then, is likely to happen?

The person takes cold very easily. Many cases of severe lung disease are produced in this way.

7. Perhaps, then, alcohol is a very good thing to use in very hot weather?

No, is is not. It makes a person cooler, but at the same time it so reduces the life power of the body as to do great harm.

8. What do you know about alcohol and sunstroke?

Drinking men suffer much more quickly from it than do sober men.

9. Does alcohol help men who work in rolling-mills and foundries?

No, those who never use it bear the heat much better.

10. What does Mr. Stanley say about the use of alcohol in his African expeditions?

That nearly all who died in his expeditions died from the effects of drink.

11. What is the great effect of alcohol which makes people desire it in heat and cold?

It puts the nerves to sleep, and so prevents the person from knowing his real condition.

12. And is it not a good thing to feel those discomforts less?

No, we have learned that our nerves were made sensitive to guard us from danger. If we know we are cold or hot we take pains to warm or to cool ourselves. But, if we do not know, we may be frozen or have sunstroke, without knowing our danger.

Hints to Teachers.

There will be no lack of illustrations to enforce this lesson. In Newport, Rhode Island, a vessel loaded with iron was grounded and had to be unloaded before it could be pushed off. A force of men were set to work and had to work in bitter cold and in water, because the ship was leaking. At first they used whiskey, and in two hours were so chilled that they had to stop work. Afterwards they were given milk porridge, for drink, and were able to work from four to seven hours without stopping.

The tables which show the health of soldiers in India, invariably prove the danger of alcoholic drinks in that hot climate, the death rate in total abstaining regiments being less than half that in regiments using alcoholic drinks. Mr. Stanley attributes his safety in Africa to the fact that he was a total abstainer.

Prohibition or Not.

INDIVIDUAL LAZINESS THE DISEASE OF THE FRANCHISE.

A most opportune sermon has been preached by the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael in St. George's Church, Montreal, concerning the duty of all voters in connection with the approaching prohibition plebiscite. Taking his text from Exodus xx., 4, the Dean said:

'All branches of law, natural, moral, civil, common, canonical, commercial, criminal, marine, medical, and mercantile, are in some very important senses prohibitory.

'Divine law commands or prohibits, resting on the forms 'thou shalt,' and 'thou shalt not,' the latter being as legally strong as the former.

'In other branches of law, whether born of custom, precedent or of special enactment, the ordinary subject requires to know what he is not to do, as well as what he must do, and hence defined prohibitions, where they exist, either by recognized custom or enactment, are in the very nature of things common.

'In fact, it may be said that the much vaunted British subject is perhaps the most prohibited man on the face of the earth. Why? Because he has an innate appreciation of the value of prohibitory law, as a general institution that on the whole makes for good, and he loyally submits to it. He may grumble—it is his national privilege—but his strong common sense tells him that the common good is better than the individual good, and he submits, even though the things he may not do almost equal the things he may do.

'The question about to be brought to the test of Canadian public opinion is one that has been forcing its way onward through many years, and in the face of countless difficulties and no slight amount of mockery. Judged from the standpoint of its rational advocates it is essentially a question of national morality; it has no standing-ground apart from it; it has been persevered in and fostered by those honestly interested in it, solely and alone for the benefit of the masses, morally, socially and economically. Explain it how one will, an ever increasing tide of public opinion has apparently been setting in against the drink traffic, on these grounds, and this plebiscite is meant to test the real force and power of this apparent opinion.

'It is not in any sense unnatural that practical church workers should be against the drink traffic, and should hope that this plebiscite should render a majority sufficiently powerful to demand its suppression and to make the law which suppresses it, through the overwhelming force of public opinion, a workable, effective and successful law, for without such force any law would be inoperative.

'Efforts made to minimize the evil by licensing and other laws have had but little effect. As "ill weeds grow apace," so it is with this traffic. Start one tavern and you have many, as in this very neighborhood, where in two square blocks you have ten, and that, in spite of the hard work, and ceaseless and costly efforts of this congregation to prevent such licensing.

'As far as my personal experience goes, the licensing laws of this city are wholly in favor of the extension of taverns. A polling district is wholly at a disadvantage, and the long-suffering owners of house and other property are forced to submit, through the tireless energy of those who regard the rights of neighborhood as nothing when opposed to the advancement of their trade.

'The failure of the license system has largely given birth to the prohibitory feeling in the minds of many who stood by licensing for years, but who now realize that the day and hour of compromise is past, and that a far stronger measure should take its place, and this feeling is now about to be tested by this plebiscite, which will enable every elector to cast a free ballot in accordance with his conscience and judgment on the fair and square issue, as to whether it is his or her desire that the traffic should cease.

'Now that the opportunity of gaining this opinion is about being placed before every voter at a great expense to the country, it is plain that the duty of each is that of registering his or her vote either for or against the traffic. As a temperance worker, I would far sooner see the temperance side defeated on a real national vote than see it gain a small majority due to the zealousness of its workers, coupled with the apathy or laziness of the mass of voters. What everyone should desire is what the government seeks to gain—the strong, vigorous voice of the national franchise one way or another, and each voter should aid in creating that.

'With regard to the question about to be voted on, the casting of each vote is, or should be, a matter of individual conscience, and as such I will cast mine. Sick and tired, wearied as I am, and many others like me, with the utter failure of the license system, with the palpable favor always shown to the traffic by those in authority; with the sad and wretched influence it exercises everywhere; with the long, tireless cry of self-created poverty and moral degradation, that with unbroken note has fallen on my ears through the whole of a long ministry in the Church of Christ, I hope from the very bottom of my heart that this plebiscite will go dead against the traffic. Never once have I seen it do good, morally, or socially, or economically, and I dread to go back in memory and think how often I have seen it do evil. We talk of the evil of drink amongst the poor. It is there, but there are other prison houses whose secrets no man careth to reveal. I have never seen the traffic do good in a ministry of close on forty years, and conscientiously I, as an individual, will vote against it, thankful for the opportunity of doing so.

'I know well that some may regard such words as one-sided and prejudiced. Well, this plebiscite is meant to draw out an expression of one-sidedness; that is its object, but as to prejudice I would ask, is a prisoner shut in a prison for years prejudiced in favor of green fields and open air—nay, he hungers and thirsts for them.'—Montreal 'Witness.'

Easy to Learn.

The danger of any vice must be measured in part, by the facility with which it is acquired. In this particular tobacco stands without a rival. Within our nation from twelve to fifteen hundred boys learn to use tobacco every day in the year. Nine-tenths of them find it far easier to learn to smoke and chew than it would be to refuse it. Cheap cigars and cigarettes are made for this very purpose. A dime will start a dozen boys to smoke. By investing a nickel or even less, the initiated can start out as teachers, and in barns and bye-places, in alleyways and attics, boys teach each other to chew and smoke at a rate simply astounding.

There are hundreds of thousands of boys not yet out of short pants who are veterans at cigarette smoking. They learned because it was easy to do so, and they teach the oncoming legions for the same reason. Lack of money is not always a barrier. Discarded cigar stumps, thrown in the streets by careless Christians, have tempted thousands of boys into the habit. The pillaging of the 'weed,' from a father's pocket has been the first theft, the first defilement and the first step towards ruin to legions of bright and promising lives.

LESSON II. — JULY 10.

Elijah the Prophet.

I. Kings xvii., 1-16. Read the whole chapter. Memory verses, 2-6.

Golden Text.

'And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord.'—I. Kings xvii., 16.

Home Readings.

M. I. Kings xv., 1-24.—Reigns of Abijam and Asa in Judah.
T. I. Kings xv., 25-16: 10.—Nadab, Baasha, and Elah, Kings of Isreal.
W. I. Kings xvi., 15-34.—The wicked reigns of Omri and Ahab.
T. I Kings xvii., 1-24.—Elijah the prophet.
F. Luke iv., 14-26.—Christ's teaching about Elijah at Sarepta.
S. James v., 12-20.—Elijah was a man like ourselves.
S. Luke xii., 22-32.—The Lord's abundant Provision.

Lesson Story.

About seventy years in the history of Judah and Israel have passed since our last lesson. Jeroboam had reigned over Israel for twenty-four years, he was a wicked ruler and those who came after him were wicked. Ahab, in whose reign Elijah prophesied, was the worst of all. Ahab's wife, Jezebel, was an exceedingly bold, bad woman who urged the king on to all kinds of sin. Jezebel did her best to utterly destroy all worship of the true God, she filled the country with idols and idolatry, and spent vast sums of money in introducing this 'new system of religion.' Our next lesson will show us the fate of this idolatry, and of all such things as set themselves up against God.

Outwardly the kingdom of Israel seemed to be prospering politically, but the life of the nation was being sapped by the fearful idolatry with its accompanying vices and immorality. Then God raised up a prophet and reformer; Elijah, the Tishbite, suddenly appeared before King Ahab with a message from Jehovah. For years there shall be no rain or dew until God commands it. The people may make all sorts of prayers and sacrifices to their idols for rain, but none shall come until the Lord Jehovah, the God of Nature, orders it.

As soon as his message is given, God sends Elijah away to the east to hide beside a brook and receive food from the ravens. After a while the brook dried up and God told Elijah to go to Zarephath, where he would find a widow who would receive him into her house and sustain him.

When Elijah reached the gate of the city of Zarephath, he saw the woman gathering sticks. He asked her for a drink of water and as she turned to get it he called to her to bring him a little bread, too. Then the woman told him of her own sore need, she had no food, in the house but a handful of meal and a few drops of oil, this she was just intending to make into a last meal for herself and her son.

Then Elijah spoke God's message to the widow, 'Fear not,' and promised that if she would first make a cake for him of the last handful of meal, her barrel of meal should not give out nor should her cruse of oil be found empty until the famine was over.

The woman believed God, and for her faith she had a constant supply of meal and oil, with which she nourished Elijah and the rest of her household for over two years, until the famine was over.

Lesson Hymn.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew.
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

—M. C.

Lesson Hints.

'Elijah' means 'my God is Jehovah.' Elijah was a strong man, of rugged countenance, clad in the garment of rough camel's hair, such as was worn by the highlanders of Gilead. (Such was the dress of John the Baptist, forerunner of the Messiah.) Elijah had nothing to lose in this encounter with Ahab, his only possession was faith in Jehovah, and this faith no man could take from him.

'Shall not be dew nor rain,'—water means life in those eastern countries. No rain; no crops; a three years' famine. This famine was but the preparation for Elijah's work of reform. The people must suffer before they will realize their sin. God must punish them to show that he is the true and only God. Perhaps the reason that the punishment took the form of famine was that the Israelites had been worshipping heathen idols, Baal and Astarte, as the 'gods of nature and produce.'

'Hence'—Elijah must hide from Ahab, or the king would torture or kill him for prophesying the famine.'

'Cherith'—probably in Gilead, east of the Jordan.

'Zarephath'—near Zidon, on the coast of Phoenicia.

'Water' — water was scarce, but it was never refused to a stranger. The eastern laws of hospitality demand that each man shall stand ready to share with a stranger the last drop of water in his leathern bag.

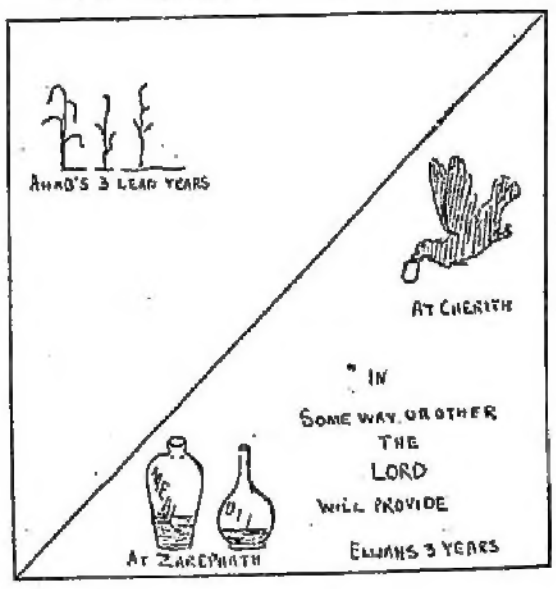
Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Who was king of Judah at this time?
2. Was this king of Judah a good man?
3. How many kings had Israel between Jeroboam and Ahab?
4. Was Ahab a descendant of Jeroboam?
5. Was Jezebel an Israelite?
6. Who said there should be no more rain or dew?
7. Why did God send the famine?
8. How did Elijah live at Cherith?
9. How did he live at Zarephath?
10. Why did the widow's meal and oil last so long?
11. How long did Elijah stay at Zarephath?

Suggested Hymns.

'Cast thy bread upon the water,' 'Scatter seeds of kindness,' 'While the days are going by,' 'Rescue the perishing,' 'To the work, to the work,' 'Do something for Jesus today.'

The Lesson Illustrated.



Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

JULY 10.

James v., 17, 18.

True prophecy is always preceded by earnest prayer. Verse 1. Compare James v., 17, 18.

By faith Elijah, at God's bidding, hid himself near the brook Cherith. By faith he drank of the brook and counted the ravens as the angels of God. Verse 2-6.

When the Lord dries up one source of comfort he supplies another. Verses 7-9. Phil. iv., 19.

Faith eats and drinks when infidelity would die of starvation and thirst. Verses 10, 11.

'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Verse 12.

Elijah's faith, which came by the word, was so strengthened by holy communion at Cherith that the famine, fearful as it was, could not loose his grip on the promise of God. Verses 13, 14.

They who do God's bidding cheerfully and promptly will experience a joy the worldling cannot know. Verses 15, 16.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

July 10.—The consecration of ability.—Hag. ii., 1-9; Mark xii., 29-31.

Memorize the Scriptures.

In the years before Sunday-school privileges were so common, and when privileges of attending religious services of any kind were limited more use was made of the memory. They had not so many helps, but they did have the word in its entirety, and not in the form of quarterlies and lesson leaves, all good enough, and necessary for home study. To this book they applied themselves with results in a general knowledge of its contents and a vital influence on their lives which put the average Sunday-school teacher of to-day at a decided disadvantage.

Bishop A. G. Haywood, D.D., of the M. E. Church, South, says his mother committed the four gospels to memory before she was grown, and in a section where there were no Sunday-schools. When she was past seventy years old she still remembered so accurately that she could correct, on the instant, a misplaced word in a quotation; and many of the psalms became hers forever in the same way, and other portions of God's word. I have read of the mother of Bishop Kavanaugh to-day in the biography of her illustrious son, of how, when her sight with advancing years began to fail, she committed to memory large portions of scripture, a part of Richard Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' and about forty hymns. So that she could sing when she could not see, and see perfectly after she became blind. The paradox is plain. So the boy who had his Testament taken from him and burned by the parish priest, rejoiced that the priest could not burn the chapters he had committed to memory.

Let all who have the training of children committed to them insist on passages being memorized. Let old and young exert themselves to this end. Do it regularly and with system. Then you will find it not so difficult to remember the text. As you grow older you will find most available the scripture committed to memory in youth. I shall never forget the first verses of the Sermon on the Mount my father taught me. The word laid up in our minds will be useful. The Psalmist said, 'Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.' —J. B. Kanaza, in 'Sunday-school Teacher.'

A resourceful teacher, however, will by no means feel himself limited to the bible for the materials through which to convey religious teaching. He will recognize the fact that there are many things coming under the direct notice of his scholars in everyday life which are so charged with spiritual lessons as to make most suitable subjects for original parables. He will also find that there are many objects which, because of their being easily accessible and familiar to the children, lend themselves readily to educational treatment—'Llight and Leading.'

The Teacher's Need.

Of all people, next to the minister of the gospel, there are none who need more the vigorous, constant, gracious cultivation of piety in their own souls than the Sunday-school teacher. It is a very harassing work unless it is a work of the heart. It is a very worrying and monotonous work unless the affections are all in it. It is a very disappointing work unless there be strong faith as to the ultimate result. And all this qualification of heart is to be found in one way, and that is by looking ever to the cross and depending in humble trust and love upon the Saviour himself. Let your faith be simple; let your love be continually fed by communion with Christ; let your works be all sanctified and hallowed with prayer; keep your own heart, with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life: yes, the issues of your Sunday-school life; of your work in the class; your care for the children—the issues of all depend, under God, on the state of your own heart. Ask him to keep it, and then you will be able, like the apostle, to keep ever the one thing constantly before you, and by God's grace you will achieve even something of the apostolic success.—Dr. Guinness Rogers.

HOUSEHOLD.

House-to-House Cooking.

We can get women to come into our homes and work by the day at washing, scrubbing, sewing or almost any kind of work, says a contributor to the 'American Agriculturist,' but where is the woman on whom I could rely to come into my home and both cook and serve a good meal for me, with little or no supervision? Many housekeepers have no need for help, except on occasions; they have no room to give up to a girl, and do not feel that they can afford the expense of steady help, but would gladly pay a good round price to the woman who could come in and take the responsibility of serving good meals in good style when such help is needed. I know that more than a few times, when I have had company drop down on me, I would have gladly paid any sum that was within the bounds of reason to the woman who could have cooked and served the meal and let me visit. It may be only one guest or it may be several, but the time is limited, and how we do grudge the time spent in needful work! Let any woman perfect herself as a good all-round cook and take some pains to keep posted as to the newer styles of arranging the table and serving the food, and I know that she would have plenty to do, at her own price. Caterers are not to be had in the small towns, and yet those who entertain like to feel sure that everything is up to date, and as well served as is possible. The woman who would keep herself posted as to the 'last thing' in the line of what should be served and how it should be served, as well as to the latest arrangement of the table furnishings, would find herself in demand at nearly all the teas, lunches, and light affairs, to an extent that would materially add to her income.

The Nursery Floor.

(Frances Fisher Wood.)

The floor should be bare, of either painted or hard wood, and covered in the centre with a thick, warm rug. It is often urged that bare floors are undesirable for a child who creeps or plays most of the time upon the floor. If a baby is learning to creep in cold weather, it is not, however, necessary, and certainly not desirable that it should be allowed to creep upon the floor at all. The value of creeping bears no relation to the distance through which the child propels itself. Creeping is simply the preliminary exercise by which a child strengthens its limbs for the initial effort to walk. It gets just as much exercise by crawling back and forth over a properly protected surface three feet by five as it can by sweeping a floor fifteen feet by twenty. It saves trouble with a creeping child, and protects it against many colds and much dirt, if it is confined in a pen placed in one corner of the room; or, better still, the child may be raised from the floor by placing him on some low couch surrounded with a railing. Such a pen, while it may be contrived easily and without much expense, may also be designed so elegantly as to be really an ornament to any room in the house. In this enclosure a baby may be placed during the months from the period when he begins to creep until such time as he has learned to walk with certainty and vigor. By means of the sides of the pen he is soon able to raise himself to his feet, and by clutching its firm rail he easily learns to walk round its circumference, which to him seems endless. With a few simple playthings for company inside the rail, and with a friendly face and voice outside but within sight and hearing, the child during this usually most troublesome period of its young life, becomes simply no trouble at all, but grows and thrives to the extent of its power, and demonstrates conclusively that it is absolutely unnecessary for a creeping baby to undertake the dangerous navigation of the nursery floor.

Older children can be taught to choose, when playing upon the floor, the part that is protected by the rug. But the average child sits on the floor by far too great a proportion of the time. It is very easy, by a little forethought, to counteract this tendency by providing a table, such as is used in the kindergarten. Even a plain cutting table will serve the purpose. Sitting or standing beside this, the child will find upon its limited surface sufficient room to create a world of interest. By the force of his vivid imagination it becomes successively a complication of railway tracks, a field of exciting battles, a barn-yard, or Mount Ararat disgorging the inhabitants of the Ark. By this provision of a table or tables there is less conflict and misunderstanding, even where several children are engaged in play, than is possible by the indiscriminate use of the floor surface; since each child may enjoy exclusive right to his own little table or definite portion of table, and within its limited space rule an undisputed monarch.

The children should not be encouraged or even permitted to indulge unduly their natural instinct for destruction; they must not, on the other hand be continually worried by warnings not to touch this, or injure that, or break the other. Every article in the child's room should be there for his particular convenience and enjoyment, and he should be allowed its full, free use, being taught, meanwhile, the difference between the use and abuse of his own property. Neither should he be reproved or punished for any accidental or occasional injury to the articles he handles. The muscles of the little fingers are not yet firm; cerebral development is not yet sufficiently co-ordinated to control their action. And, therefore, while it is proper to express sorrow or regret at any accidental destruction, the child should not be alarmed or punished for an occurrence for which he was in no wise responsible.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Aprons.

Our grandmothers always wore aprons when about their work—a custom their fin de siecle daughters would do well to imitate. If a woman fancies that an apron is a rather useless invention, let her wear one for a single morning when about her work, and note how soiled it becomes. Then let her reflect upon the fact that, but for this protection, her dress would have received all that dirt.

'But I wear a black dress always!' says one woman.

But the dirt is there, even if it does not show. The fact that it is present should be an offence to a woman. And while certain kinds of dirt may not affect black, grease or light dust does, and the sombre dress soon looks worse than would a colored gown. Then, too, an apron saves the front of a dress a vast amount of wear and tear, and lengthens the period, that is at best too short, before the front breadth of a skirt becomes shiny and worn.

Gingham aprons are invariably worn by a careful housekeeper when in the kitchen. But there are many women who do not always have at hand a large white apron to slip on while the bric-a-brac is dusted, or while they are doing the hundred and one trifles that fall to the lot of the housemother. An apron for this purpose should be plain, or finished with wide tucks, and innocent of elaborate embroidery or of lace.

Even the most fastidious husband will rather like to see the snowy apron over his wife's morning gown as she pours his coffee and helps the bairns to their porridge. And he will probably like it doubly well if he appreciates that it will make the aforesaid gown last twice as long as it would otherwise.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Tact in the Sick Room.

If there must be talking in a sick room let it be distinct and not in a suppressed voice, for nothing is more irritating to the sick than whispering, whether or not it is an effort to hear. No matter how weak or indifferent, or in how much of a stupor he may appear to be in, the patient may yet be conscious of every word you say, and be discouraged by any unfavorable remark you make in his hearing. In his weak condition it may be the last strain the nervous system is able to bear, and thus your own words may perhaps prove the means of making your unfavorable prognosis of his case true. Persons in such a very delicate condition sometimes only partially hear and understand remarks thoughtlessly made in their presence, and their minds being weak, and the imagination unrestrained, their worst fears are excited, and the stimulus of hope being taken away, the feeble flame of life is thus sometimes extinguished when it might otherwise have rallied for many more years of life. There is no doubt that many well-meaning and well-intentioned persons with every desire to minister to the wants of those who are on a sick bed, helpless and in pain, add to the sufferings of the patients by this thoughtless and inconsiderate conduct. A little exercise of tact and common sense would alter all this—'New York Ledger.'

Hurried Meals.

(By Annie M. Toohey, In 'Christian Work.')

It is to be regretted that in many of even our well regulated households the habit of hurrying through family meals is so general. Some housewives fancy that the preparation and eating of meals should be the least matters of interest in the domestic routine, and consequently present a very unedifying and unattractive table for the family. Hasty eating, unless necessity compels it, is a coarse habit as well as a dangerous one to the digestive organs, and should be avoided. Any well bred mother will train her children to slow eating, and the habit of being able to observe all the essential rules of table etiquette at early and impressionable ages. Even the humblest family table should be cleanly and tastefully set. The use of napkins is indispensable. The family table should be made a shrine of kindred harmony, exchange of thought as well as material enjoyment.

Selected Recipes.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Two cupfuls of entire wheat flour, one cupful cornmeal, two-thirds cupful of molasses, one large cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sour milk, salt, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam three hours and bake one hour.

Resolved.

This resolution was introduced by the Temperance Committee at the Methodist Conference, in Montreal, the other day:

'That this committee records its high appreciation of those newspapers which at great financial loss refuse advertisements of liquor dealers, and would strongly urge our people to have regard for the character of the advertisements which appear in the newspapers that are received into their homes.'

Those who know the 'Witness' know that nothing is advertised in its columns which is considered injurious in any way. At the very lowest estimate $30,000 is sacrificed each year for advertising which every other large city daily paper receives gladly. In spite of this loss the 'Witness' is one of the most successful papers in the country, because the Christian element appreciates its character, and by subscribing for it supports it. Many also mention the 'Witness' to friends and induce them to take it.

'Daily Witness,' $3.00.
'Weekly Witness,' $1.00.
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

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